

throughout the crowds standing in the streets.

The hour of the service was an hour of silence generally observed the length and breadth of the city as well as in the district through which the cortege passed. The Stock Exchange closed until noon. There was no curb market. Many factories and business houses shut down during the funeral hour.

#### CITY OFFICIALS AND ARMY AND NAVY IN LINE.

Besides the pall bearers the coffin was accompanied by nearly every official of city and county government, walking the car tracks of Broadway two by two. The only glint of military pomp or color in the great procession was that caused by the presence of Major Gen. Harry and his staff, representing the United States Army; Rear-Admiral Winslow and his staff, representing the United States Navy; and Capt. Gleaves of the Brooklyn Navy Yard and his staff, representing the United States Navy, and the commanding officer and staff of the National Guard, including Major Schermerhorn, military aide to William Sulzer, and the department Governor's directly authorized representative.

Following these were representatives of all the consulates of foreign countries in this city, a special delegation representing the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, the city in which Mayor Gaynor's body was transferred from the Baltic, the steamship on which he died, to the Lusitania for its return to this port, a delegation of mayors from cities of New York State and from cities outside the State, headed by Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston.

#### POLICE AND FIREMEN CARRIED BODY FROM CITY HALL.

The removal of the coffin from the City Hall to the catafalque was without any signal to the waiting thousands in the streets and in the windows of the buildings surrounding the square, other than the appearance of the coffin itself, with the Mayor's flag draped about its head, on the shoulders of the ten stalwart firemen and policemen.

Re-Presidents Taft and the other pallbearers, who had been facing each other in a double line on the raised terrace before the City Hall steps at either end of the catafalque, took their places beside the black vehicle. The multitude, which had been quiet, murmuring in whispers and undertones, became entirely silent. Just how quiet can only be signified by the fact that a ball of a hotel in the Post-Office department was plainly heard across City Hall Park.

The line of three hundred policemen facing the City Hall in the plaza, who had been at rigid attention for half an hour, swung their batons to their chests in salute. The sixteen fire engine drivers and mounted policemen who stood at the bridges of the black-netted and tasseled horses gripped their tightly. The coffin was carried around the moving bier and carried up a set of steps which had been placed at its side.

#### WIDOWS AND CHILDREN'S WREATHS ON COFFIN.

Three wreaths were laid against the sides of the catafalque beneath the coffin. All were purple. One, placed on the right was the tribute of the widow of the dead Mayor. The second, on the left was that of his children, said at the foot of the last offering, the Kennell. This arrangement was made at the express direction of Mrs. Gaynor, who asked that the hundreds of other costly flowers which were sent to the Gaynor home in Brooklyn and to the City Hall be distributed by the Ambulance Board among the city hospitals after a generous share had been sent to St. Mary's Hospital in Harlem, where Mayor Gaynor was cared for after he was shot by the assassin, Gallagher.

Behind the catafalque were three automobiles carrying the members of the Mayor's family.

There were occasional delays during the progress of the cortege through Broadway due to the uneasiness of the frightened black coat on the right side, second from the catafalque. Once or twice, terrified by the crowd and by the atmosphere of suppressed excitement, this horse tried to bolt, backed and slid upon its haunches. Inspectors thus went more than once to the aid of the patrolman who held the animal's bridle and by petting and sharp handling saved the stately procession from being marred.

#### REGULAR ARMY OFFICER DIRECTED THE PROCESSION.

At the outset of City Hall Park on Broadway stood a man in the inconspicuous uniform of the regular infantry, on foot, moving quietly among the commanding officers of the police, giving orders, which were instantly obeyed. He was Capt. Woodward of Governor's Island, tasked by Commissioner Waldo because of his experience in arranging and directing public processions in the midst of great crowds.

The formation of the remainder of the great procession was as follows:

Committee of Estimate and Apportionment.  
Committee of Departments.

U. S. Senators and Committee of New York Legislature.

Judges of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court (First Department).  
Justices of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court (Second Department).

Justices of the Supreme Court.  
Justices, Special Sessions.

City Magistrates (First Division).  
City Magistrates (Second Division).  
Public Service Commission.

Army and Navy.  
Commanding Officers and Staffs of the National Guard of the State of New York.

Consular Representatives.  
Representative of the Lord Mayor of Liverpool.

Delegation of Mayors from Cities in New York State.  
Citizens' Secret of 50.

Both Low Chairman.  
Delegations of Citizens' Organizations.  
Representatives of the City Departments.

Borough and County Officers.  
Just twenty-five minutes after the hearse moved from before the City Hall the catafalque was stopped before the gates of Trinity church yard. There was a momentary delay because in the quiet of the morning the shrill whistle of an elevated train over in Church street again frightened the restive horse in the long black team.

Every window in the tall buildings along Broadway was filled with faces. The sidewalks were so filled that moving in any direction during the passing

of the procession was impossible.

Following the early morning showers the sun came out through a dimming mist and shone upon the uncovered heads of the multitude of spectators.

With military precision the ten big policemen and firemen came forward and took the bronze casket on their shoulders and, moving so slowly that they were ten minutes in passing from the door to the chancel rail, set the coffin down on a bier prepared for it there.

#### SPECIAL HOUR'S SERVICE IN ALL SCHOOLS OF CITY.

During that hour, from 11 to 12 o'clock the memory of William J. Gaynor was honored by the children of every school in Greater New York. At 11:30 the boats of the municipal ferry system stopped for five minutes. From 12 o'clock until 12:30 the bell in the Brooklyn Borough Hall tolled.

The body and the family of mourners were followed into the church by the Board of Estimate, with Comptroller Prendergast and Borough President McAneny at the head. Then came the committee of the Board of Aldermen, headed by Chairman Boies and the heads of departments, led by Fire Commissioner Johnson and Street Cleaning Commissioner Edwards. Senators O'Gorman and Root, the legislative committee and the Judges, Justices and magistrates and the Citizens' Committee, headed by former Mayor Low and former Mayor McClellan. Former President Roosevelt sent a message from Oyster Bay early in the day that he would not be able to be present.

The delegations of civic organizations marched past the church eight abreast, uncovered and silent, for about fifty minutes after the actual attendants at the church services had entered. Without the music of a band or even a drum tap they marched in even alignment, and not a command from their leaders was audible on the sidewalk or in the crowded windows above.

The order of services at Trinity was: Funeral March.....Chorus  
Dead March in "Sad".....Band  
Funeral Chorus.....Chorus and Band  
Lament.....Chorus, St.  
Hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light".....Chorus  
Credo and Prayer.....Bishop  
Address by Bishop (from "Yes, Though I Walk").....Bishop  
Hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee".....Bishop  
Benediction.....Bishop  
Prayer.....Bishop  
Benediction, "O God, Give Help".....Chorus  
Chorus in charge of the choir.

After that service the route to the cemetery was:

From Trinity Church up Broadway to Park Row, over Brooklyn Bridge to Liberty street, to Clinton street, to Montague street, to Court street, where the representatives of the city departments and civic organizations turned out of column east on Jerusalem street to Fulton, and thence to Hoyt and were dismissed. The rest of the procession proceeded to Greenwood Cemetery, where interment was made.

#### CROWD BRUSHED POLICE ASIDE AT CITY HALL.

Following the withdrawal of the police guard about City Hall the hundreds who had been standing quietly outside the lines made a wild rush for City Hall to look at the funeral. The crowd was so dense that the steps in a turbulent mass. Policemen from the station in the basement were hurriedly called, but were rushed off their feet. They summoned reinforcements from the line of march. Except for jamming and elbowing there was no disorder. The intruders went out as fast as they could when they understood the police orders.

After the last of the civic organizations had passed the church and had been dismissed, many of the marchers chose to stay where they were when

the ranks were broken. A threatening crush was caused at Hector street, outside the church yard fence. It was made worse by the rough and tumble tactics of several squads of pickpockets who had worked into the crowd in spite of the hundreds of detectives in plain clothes who were on the watch for them. Many women screamed and several fainted and were quickly under treatment.

#### BRIDGE CLOSED FOR AN HOUR DURING THE MARCH.

Word for the starting of the head of the line at the Brooklyn Bridge at 12:45. The army of firemen and policemen and the representatives of the city departments swung steadily over the bridge for nearly three-quarters of an hour. The bridge had been closed to all traffic for an hour. The only persons on the structure were a thousand employees of the Department of Bridges, who lined the south roadway in the center span.

From Trinity to the Bridge there were the same dense masses of spectators, the same picking of limb and life from precarious perches and the same silence as the casket passed which had marked the progress from City Hall to the church.

At 1:15 the choir entered the church from the south vestry room, behind the crucifix and to the solemn measures of Chopin's Funeral March. Behind the choir walked the Bishops and priests—Bishop David H. Greer of the diocese of New York, Suffragan Bishop Charles S. Birch, Dr. William T. Manning, rector of Trinity; the Rev. Francis W. Page and the Rev. Dr. Holden. Behind the crucifix the clergy walked down to the door to meet the casket. All stood as the solemn words of the liturgy were voiced in a resonant pitch by Bishop Birch:

"I am the resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord."

Over the heads of the thousand people standing could be marked the slow progress of the golden glowing cross, advancing before the body of the dead.

Suddenly the subdued note of a police bugle punctuated the chords of the organ. Then came the strident brass music of the police band outside. Still the organ waited in Handel's masterpiece.

It was just 10 minutes of 11 when there was a stir at the back of the church and every one rose. Several heavily veiled women, under the escort of three elderly men, passed down the aisle and took seats near the front. They were relatives of the Gaynor family.

The strident voice of the police band passed down Broadway and again there was nothing but the mellow organ music filling the great church, and from the high windows back of the altar the burning purple of stained light.

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So with the chancel and the double facade of the choir, under the lifting organ pipes. It was at the choir rail, where the bronze eagle of the lectern spread his wings, that the floral tributes raised from side to side of the church, bridging the space between the vestry doors with a solid floral dike. Directly to the right of the lectern and forming a floral pillar to mark the entrance to the chancel was a great conical column of white and purple asters, surmounted by a white dove with spread wings. Across the white plinth was marked in purple, immortal the words "Our Chief," it was from the Fire Department.

On the opposite side of the chancel entrance the draped flags of Great Britain and America lifted above a great spray of palm leaves, the tribute of the Lord Mayor of Liverpool. To right and left were banks of blossoms of every hue and fashioned into sprays of mourning. There were wreaths of red roses and lilies, great drooping sprays of golden and white chrysanthemums, set pieces of intricate design and rich masses of purple and white orchids. The perfume was heavy in the church.

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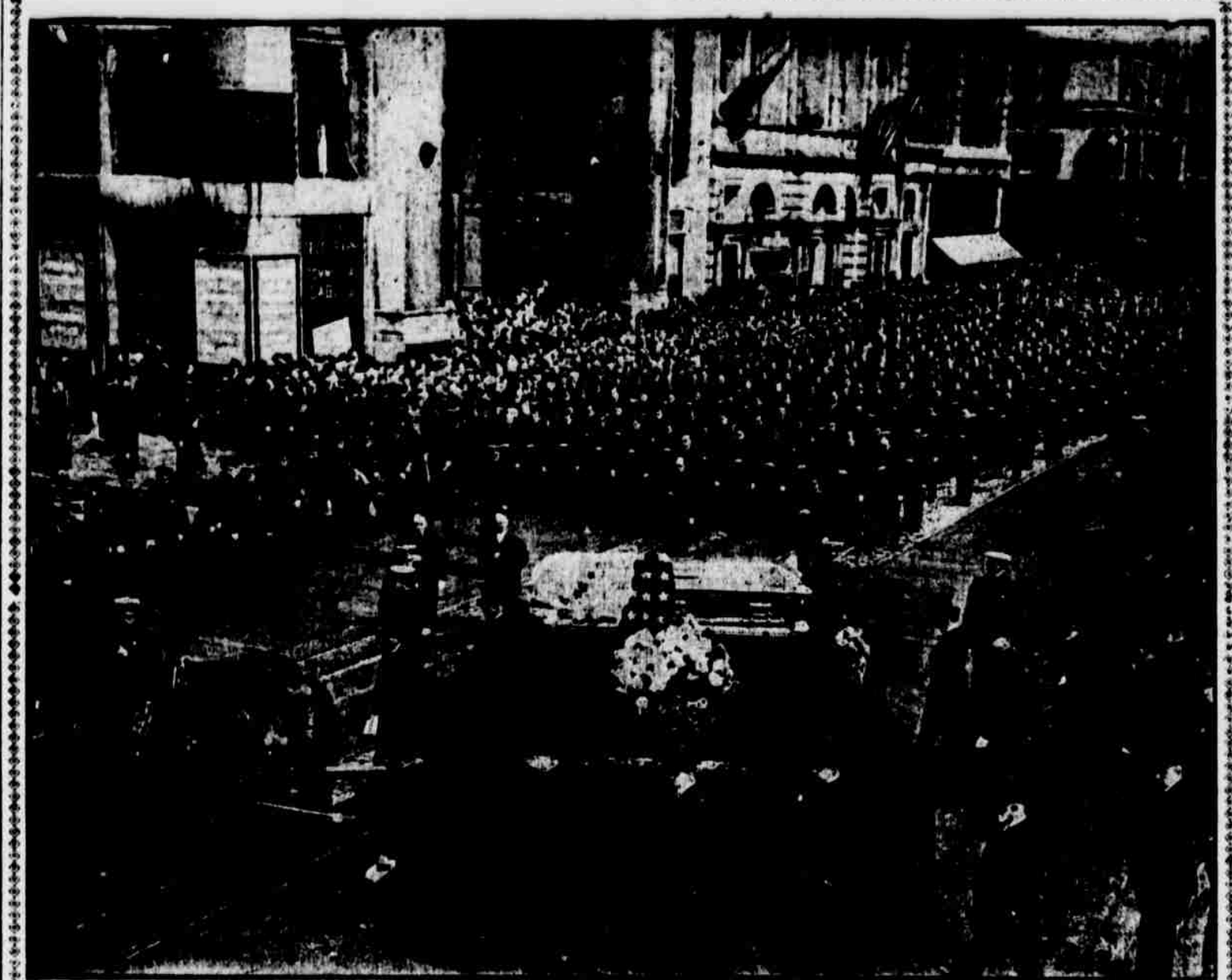
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## Start of the Funeral of Mayor Gaynor From City Hall; First Section of Great Throng Formed in Background

Specially Photographed by a Staff Photographer of The Evening World.



the ranks were broken. A threatening crush was caused at Hector street, outside the church yard fence. It was made worse by the rough and tumble tactics of several squads of pickpockets who had worked into the crowd in spite of the hundreds of detectives in plain clothes who were on the watch for them. Many women screamed and several fainted and were quickly under treatment.

At 1:10 the men who had marched down from the City Hall died into the church in double rank. Borough President McAneny and Comptroller Prendergast headed the procession with the other borough presidents, the members of the Board of Estimate and the special committee of the Aldermen behind.

#### "BIG BILL" EDWARDS HEADS HIS MEN.

The huge shape of "Big Bill" Edwards led the detachment of subordinates from the Street Cleaning Department. Behind him walked Fire Commissioner Joseph Johnson, Water Commissioner Henry S. Thompson, Arthur O'Keefe, Commissioner of the Department of Bridges, and a delegation from the Corporation Counsel's Office.

Senators Elzha Root and James A. O'Gorman headed the special committee of the Legislature. Then followed the long line of Justices of the Appellate Division, First and Second Departments, and twenty-five Justices of the Supreme Court, headed by Justices Goff and Gleason. After them walked Chief Justice Russell and the members of Special Session.

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A sharp, insistent shuffle of feet sounded back near the door; it grew louder, drew nearer.

High over the bowed heads of the congregation moved the ponderous shape of the house of the dead. The white and blue Mayor's flag covered it. Against this white field were laid the heads of the ten policemen and firemen who were lifting the weight on their shoulders. They walked with a cramped, shuffling step. They gently lowered the casket to two plain black pedestals at the steps of the choir. Two white wreaths were laid upon it.

By the time the casket was settled upon the pedestals the choir was all in its place and the clergy ranged before the altar behind. Then the full chorus of the white surpliced boys and men was lifted in the chanting of the Psalm:

"Lord, Let Me Know Mine End," the solemn ritual ran, "and the Numbers of My Days: That I May Be Certified How Long I Have to Live."

Twenty numbers of the Psalms were chanted to the tolling thunders of the great organ. Then Dr. Manning stepped to the lectern and read the words of St. Paul on death and resurrection taken from the fifteenth chapter of the Epistle to the Corinthians.

That done, there was a pause. A slight noise like a long sigh swept over the church. The organ began softly the prelude to the anthem, "Yes, Though I Walk Through the Valley of the Shadow of Death." The clear, boyish soprano of the choir carried high and far to every corner of the edifice. The words were those of comfort in the shadow of affliction.

Followed the Apostles' Creed, said by Bishop Greer, the answering murmur of the people in the pews took the words of the confession of faith from his mouth.

CONGREGATION JOINS WITH THE CHOIR.

All stood when the first bars of Cardinal Newman's great hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," were sounded. Through

the three verses of simple faith the song ran, while hundreds in the body of the church lifted up their voices in unison with the choir, after which, the crucifer slowly paced down the length of the chancel and took his place at the head of the casket, the singers following. They massed themselves on either side of the flag-draped shape and sang the deeply solemn, communal of the Church liturgy.

Bishop Greer, standing on the top chancel step, then read the final portion of the committal, giving the words, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

The Lord's Prayer followed and Bishop Greer, reading the final prayers of the service, then, after a pause prayed not out of a book but as the spirit moved him. His appeal was for Divine comfort for the family of the dead in his bereavement; for those of the city's government who remain to continue the work begun by the dead; for unity in service and peace in the ways of government.

WALL STREET HEARS GRAND OLD HYMN.

For a minute there was no sound and then the organ swept into the old hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee"—the song which has been the comfort of Christian peoples in shipwreck, disaster and grief. So heartily did the congregation follow the guidance of the choir that the fine old hymn burst from the windows and doors of the ancient pile and echoed down the cliffs of Wall street. As the song rolled on from verse to verse there were many whose voices broke and who covered their eyes.

In the pews of the pallbearers' Ex-President Taft stood with his eyes lifted to the purple light back of the altar, mute and with lips tight clenched.

The hymn finished, the ten firemen and policemen came forward once more and stooped to their burden. As they lifted the casket to their shoulders the booming notes of the thunders "Funeral March" came down from the organ loft, drowning the shuffling of their feet.

Down the aisle, the golden cross leading, passed the casket, the clergy following. Through the doors and out into the gray light of Broadway the little cavalcade moved. To the right side and the left the clergy ranged themselves while the casket was being lifted to the catafalque. A huge sound "Forward" and the final march to the grave began.

Why pay as much for weak tea that only goes half as far?

White Rose CEYLON TEA

White Rose Coffee, 3 Pound Tin, \$1

DIED.

WRIGHT.—On Sept. 20, GEORGE A. WRIGHT, of residence of John D. Comer, 515 West 4th St., died at St. Ann's Church, where a requiem mass will be said on Tuesday, at 9 A. M. Rev. Father J. J. Raymond.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

Wanted, a man for the position of a helper in a laundry shop. 14 West Third Street.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

Wanted, a woman for the position of a helper in a laundry shop. 14 West Third Street.

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## Rich Floral Tributes Fill Trinity Chancel

Scores of magnificent floral wreaths and not pieces continued to pour into the City Hall to-day. Wagons made trip after trip to Trinity Church in an effort to place all these flowery tributes before the altar in time for the funeral of the late Mayor. So huge and so many were the offerings that came from almost every conceivable source that it finally proved impossible to find a place for them all in the church.

Of all these gorgeous products of the florist's art only three were chosen to rest upon the bronze casket, as it was borne through the streets to the church and thence to Greenwood Cemetery. These were a wreath of purple orchids from Mrs. Gaynor, a wreath of white chrysanthemums from the Gaynor children and a smaller bouquet of purple asters from Lieut. Kennell, the Mayor's devoted personal aide.

#### MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL SENT WREATH OF ASTERS.

Among the fifty or more set pieces that bore lettered ribbon expressing the sympathy of the sender, none was as ordered a more conspicuous place than that bearing the name of the Right Honorable Mayor of Liverpool, the dignitary who paid the Mayor of New York such splendid official tribute when his body reached that English port after death at sea. The Mayor of Liverpool's offering was a great wreath and pedestal of purple and white asters, gladioli and orchids.

Another particularly impressive offering was the great cross of white roses, with pendant scales of justice, sent by the Gaynor Independent League. It bore the words, "Faithful Unto Death."

As evidence of how varied and far-reaching was the esteem in which the late Mayor was held, the Gaynor League's tribute was flanked with a huge arch of pink roses bearing the name of the On Leong Tong and Chinese Merchants' Association. None of the offerings excelled in size and beauty this unexpected tribute from Moit street.

#### CIRCLET OF LILIES FROM COL. ROOSEVELT.